

HOT DOG

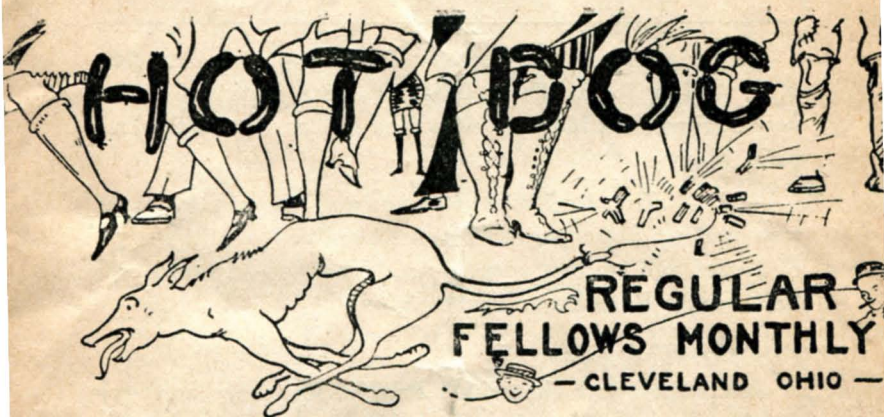
THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY

APRIL 1922

= PRICE =
TWO BITS



**When Words Fail
Try a Bust in the
Puss.**



JACK DINSMORE, *Editor*

Application made for entry as second-class mail matter at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under act of March 3rd, 1879.

Published Monthly by the Merit Publishing Co, 1005 Ulmer Bldg., Cleveland, O.
25c PER COPY—\$3.00 PER YEAR

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1922

No. 7

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

A Bluenose Reformer is as intrusive as a skunk and as persistent as a mule.

The most beautiful thing about Blue Laws, my dear and easy-going little Americans, is that they multiply faster than a rabbit's nephews.

Yes, my little voters, in one way Reform is like the Mercy of the Lord. It is endless.

**THE NEXT BEST THING TO AMBITION IS
PATIENCE.**

Ten years ago you thought Prohibition was Improbable. Now look. Every city cemetery contains a nice row of Fusel Oil Martyr who died on account of the Improbability of Prohibition.

Well, after Prohibition came, my little voters, you loosened up your pants buttons, breathed a beery Sigh of Relief and said to yourselves, "Thank God there will be no more Reforms to agitate about!"

Oh, izzatso?

Do you know that since Prohibition there are fifty times as many Blue Law organizations as there were before?



Haven't you noticed that the Killjoy Kookoos are openly proposing restrictive laws that they would not have dared to breathe five years ago?

Optimist: A man who carries a corkscrew.

Who would have dared propose forbidding Sunday automobiling ten years ago? It's an open question today.

The Bluenose is like the orneriest Indian. You dare not be good to him.

For he reforms not for Humanity's sake but for Reform's sake. It is not a Mission with him; it is a pleasure.

The Bluelaw passion is a nervous disease. The science of Psycopathy knows it. When a man can get foam-lipped about closing the movies, he's Queer, Gents, he's queer. He belongs not in the Chautaquas but in the Psycopathic Clinic.

Do you want your country to be run by a gang of Nuts?

If you do, it's O. K. with me. I can move to Zanzibar, where the Toddy Tree grows and the ladies wear Palm Leaf Negligee.

But if you want America to be American, DON'T FORGET YOUR ENEMIES!

ONLY A SOLDIER BOY

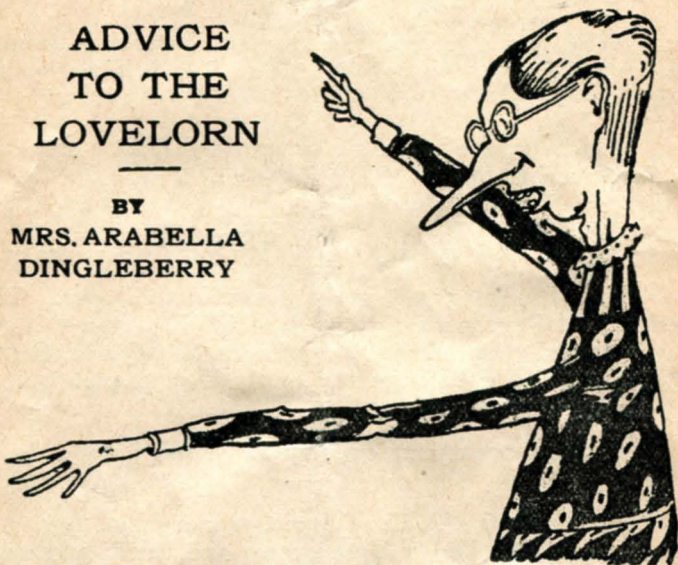
I'm only a soldier boy,
Ain't got no rights;
Remain in bed at reveille,
Stay out all the nights.

Ain't got no overcoat,
Ain't got no shoes,
While I was fighting
They took away my booze.

Pessimist: A man who wears both a belt and suspenders.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY
MRS. ARABELLA
DINGLEBERRY



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What can I do to avoid falling hair?—Baldy Bertha.

Stand to one side.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Where is my wandering boy tonight?—Catherine Cuddles.

He isn't wandering, Catherine. He's stationed on the lap of a fat blonde.

Hungry Henrietta: You're a bum business woman.

MANICURING: A NICE SIDE LINE FOR A
PRETTY GIRL.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Will cocktails ruin my complexion?—Fanny Flybynight.

Yes, and other things besides.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I am forty-seven years old and have never been kissed. Last night the star boarder in the house made osculatory advances to me in the hallway. What shall I do if he tries it again?

Grab, Woman, Grab!

Sweet Sally: Promise him, Sally, promise him. Don't you know anything about men at all?

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I have been married fifteen years and my husband is just beginning to object to my cooking. What shall I do?

Start using lipstick.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Would you advise me to become a chorus girl?—Mary Muss.

What's the matter; don't you get enough to eat?

Mrs. Newlywed: Let the iceman alone.

Inquisitive Irving: If I had a broker for a sweetie I wouldn't be working for Dinsmore, would I?

Better to marry a maid and surprise her than a widow and disappoint her.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My boy has taken Doctor Wilbur Crafts for a model and wants to join the International Reform League. What is your advice?—Fond Mamma.

Give him poison.

POUND YOUR EAR, CORNELIUS

Last Saturday night, as usual, I wended my way to the home of my beefy playmate, Councilman August Kraut, to enjoy the weekly poker game.

Kraut's missus, Katrina, met me at the door.

"No poker game today, Mister Dinsmore," she announced, "Little Cornelius is sick."

Privately I ruminated to myself that the chances were rubles to raisins that that double-fried seven-year old wasn't really sick but playing possum in order to wheedle a new pair of loaded dice from his old gent. So I said to Katrina:

"May I come in and see how the little angel is?"

Katrina consented, and I tiptoes up the stairway to Cornelius' nursery.

As I approached the door, I heard the Councilman's lager-beer baritone intoning the following lullaby story:

"You know, my little angel, there was once an Old Lady Cow. The Old Lady Cow was grazing in the clover when she came upon a little innocent bee. 'You will have to move, Little Brown Bee,' said Old Lady Cow, 'or I shall be compelled to eat you.' The lazy brown bee did not move and the cow ate her. After that, the little bee said to himself, 'Well, while I'm here, I might as well take a nap so that when I awake I can do some real stinging.' So the little brown bee took a nap. But when the little brown bee awoke, the cow was gone."

The pious Reformer—Full of Pie.

RAMBLING AROUND NEW YORK

By Jack Dinsmore



New York—the Capital of Chorines and Cocktails, the Metropolis of Morgans and Mugwumps, the Crucible of Gaiety and Gloom!

New York, with its Great White Way and its Great Dark Tenements!

LITTLE ROLLO ASKED:

“Oh, Father, what’s the Bathtub for; I never see it used.”



ROSE ADAIR

With Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool"

Bedizened Broadway with its patter patter of women's feet—gorgeous hot-house flowers of women wearing fur coats and pearls—yet being without Visible Means of Support—

Dear children, 'tis there that I spent the last month—only I didn't mean to be so dod-gasted wordy in telling you about it.

We will now sing that beautiful ballad entitled, "The Bunk, The Bunk, The Bunk,"

The reason for the song being, my little Readers, that I Goldbricked you with the Preamble to this Sermon. It sounds as if New York shocked my morals—and it didn't!

Every time a Middlewestern Hick like myself makes a trek for Gotham, the Solid Citizens back home seem to expect the Rover to return with a Gloomy Beak condemning the Sins of Manhattan.

Not for this Li'l Editor.

The only complaint I register against the Sin of the City is that I didn't get enough of it.

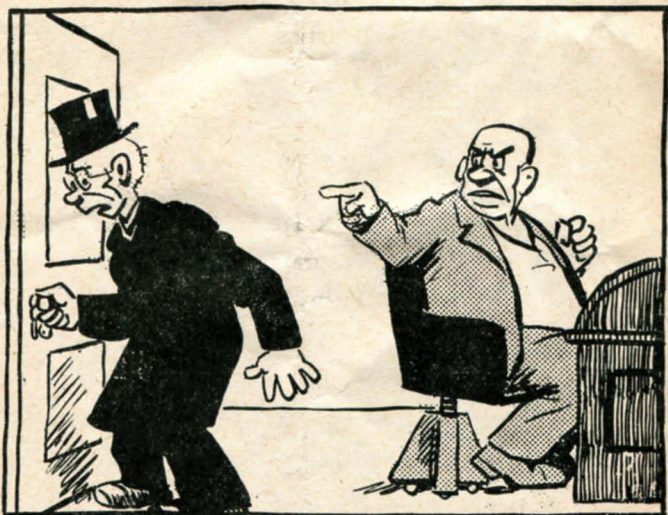
I am young, single, ambitious, the circulation is growing. What care I that the Three Mile Limit Goods

Little Ignatz's idea of the softest job on earth: Orange grower in Killarney.

is selling for twenty smackers a flask? What care I that the Cuties employed by Ziegfeld demand Presents from the Jewelry Store? Bring em on. I can afford it. A half-million worthy souls read my magazine every month. Bring 'em on, say I!

It happened like this:

A flock of dark-blue Presbyterians tried to get gummy in New York and attempted to interfere with the sale of Hot Dog. So it was up to me to hop on the choo choo and Call the Turn of the Blue Boys. Which I did with eclat and finesse and without much trouble. Thanks to the fair-minded city officials of New York



City. Thanks to Mr. Henry Tietjen, publishers' agent, who represents this Co. in Gotham, and who has been, for over thirty years, the most respected magazine man in the East.

Money makes the Mayor go.

But business was only the excuse.

I came to New York all set to bust out in a rash—and I bust.

The first week I didn't have any fun. A slew of my literary friends copped me and dragged me by the heels to see high-brow drammars and grand opera. Oh, how I suffered.

I saw "The Pigeon" at the Greenwich Village Theatre. I think it was very rotten, thank you. Avoid it like the plague. Three acts of talk about social reform. Talk, talk, talk. All bilge, my hearties.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession" at the Punch and Judy. Ditto.

The best show on in New York now is an all-coon show at the Sixty-third Street Theatre, "Shuffle Along." Those shines put up two hours of jazzy entertainment that is just the thing for any red-blooded American. There's no one in the world like our High-Brown brethren for irresistible gaiety when the Bretheren are in trim. That's "Shuffle Along" for you. If you're in New York don't miss it.

Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool" also has a rattling good show for Regular Fellows and Regular Girls. I consider Ed the niftiest comic in the business.

Three weeks before Callimachus Balzoff was born his name was Eliza.

But in New York where To Go After The Show is the main problem.

During the time I was in tow of my cultured friends I saw quite a bit of the Artistic Dump of the World, Greenwich Village.

It's a fake. Its population consists of old maids from Iowa and old wives from Indiana gathered together in the hope of attracting male admirers by the Art trick.

They go in for Painting, Sculpture, Literachoor, Music, Liberty and The Soul.

Oh, what a bunch of oilcans!

There isn't any more real talent in the whole Greenwich Village section than morals in Hollywood.

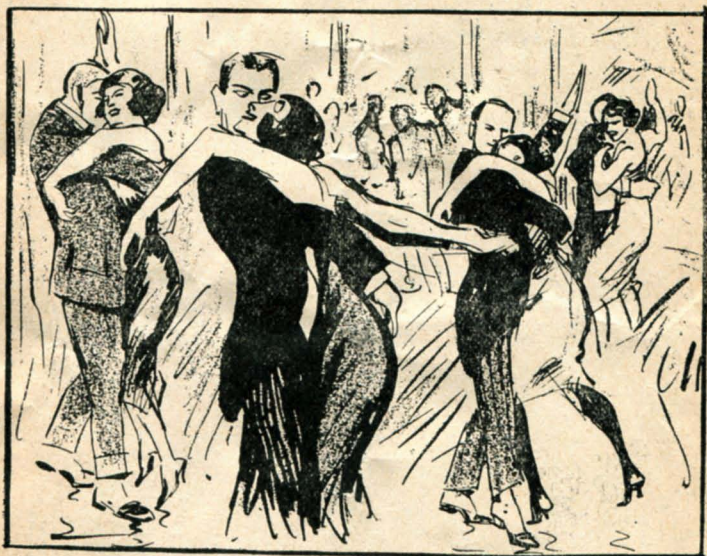
So I gave the air to my literary friends and started to travel with Regular People.

I asked to be taken to the Follies Bergere on Broadway near Forty-eighth street. I have some memories of that place. When I got there, the tears began coursing down my sidewhiskers. The Follies Bergere is no longer. It has changed hands and is now called The Plantation.

"His age is sixty-seven, but he loves to play with dolls."

The Plantation is very Exclusive, donchaknow. You have to wear a boiled shirt to get in. So I went back to the hotel, donned my tuxedo and reappeared. I slippdd the head waiter a case note and got the Sweet Entree. I found the place dead and the show likewise.

Then, with my heart bowed down, I wended my way to the best-known cabaret in New York, Reisenweber's.



Glory be! Reisenweber's is still Reisenweber's—the snappiest all-night joint in New York.

ORIGINALITY IN LITERATURE

“The first man who compared a woman to a rose was a poet; the second was an ass.”—Voltaire.



MABEL BLAKE
In "The Blushing Bride"

Sophie Tucker is at Reisenweber's with her Jazz Band. And Sophie, as I shall maintain until I swing off the gallows, is the most intoxicating comedienne in America.

She has cleverness, verve, bravura, infectiousness, and above all Personality. No one can imitate Sophie Tucker because she is inimitable. Where shall you duplicate that Amazon voice, those clumsy but infinitely graceful gestures? When Sophie sang "I'm a Broad-Minded Broad from Broadway," fellow vestrymen, I just keeled over with joy.

The next day I met Winnie and——

——To be continued in our next issue (perhaps).

NUTTY STUFF

By Ed. Wynn

We will now sing a touching ballad entitled, "The Commercial Trust and Savings Company of Indiana."

TOAST

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses,
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.



LILA LEE

Playing in Paramount Pictures

EXAMPLE OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH ANECDOTE

Sir Cholomondley Stuart-Walsingham, high Chamberlain of the Horse to His Majesty, King George, tells of a rather quixotic incident which occurred during the recent wedding of Her Highness, Princess Mary.

It seems that while the wedding procession was passing down Picadilly Circus, an obstreperous American tried to shove himself through the ropes which held the crowds back with the intention of shaking hands with King George.

Very justly indeed, a bobby remonstrated with the American as follows: "My good fellow, you must not try to go past these ropes. The King is about to pass this way."

"Oh, confound the King," shouted the American.

"But, my dear fellow," replied the bobby very urbanely, "you can't even approach him."

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY COAL YARD

Full many a gem of neckwear loud and keen,
Beneath some high-cut vest must lie inert;
Full many a tie is worn to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on a dirty shirt.

THE MOVIE RAMBLER

Assuming the prerogatives of genius, I hereby quote from myself (see January Hot Dog):

But I'm an honest critic and a union workman and I've got to tell the truth. **Connie Talmadge** isn't the one who pulls down the handpainted jampot for the merits of her vehicles. Let the praise go where it belongs—to John Emerson and Anita Loos, the co-authors of her scenarios.

Every time a highbrow Humpback comes to me and complains of the shodiness of the movie plots, I give him the superior eye and tell him, "Listen, Buster, can the thick stuff. There is a couple of dramatic writers working for the movies who have your French, German and British comedy writers backed off the diving board for Technique."

I've always had a soft spot in my gizzard for things dramatic and I've read lots of plays and I point to myself with pride as a kookoo which knows something or other about dramatic composition.

On the basis of the above, I'm right here to opine that Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos have a greater command of originality, sprightliness and entirely novel human sentiment than anybody now writing comedies anywhere.

Which is chewing my Garbage twice or something like that, but if you don't like it, dear readers, you can lump it. All you've got to do is to furnish the two-bit pieces.

What I was going to say, however, was that I just saw another Emerson-Loos movie with Constance Talmadge playing the leading role and again I was knocked under my seat with Pure Joy.

At a bootlegger's trial, Possession is Eleven Points of the Law.



Here is a little scene that is very often enacted in America.
But it isn't very often photographed.

Except for the movies.

The above is from the William Fox picture, "The Face at Your Window."
It is duplicated every day in the office of some Ambitious Tired Business Man.

Ain't love grand?

The name of the movie is "Polly of the Follies." I saw it in New York and it will hit your railroad station just about the time you get this issue. If you have to steal the price of admission from your mother-in-law's sock, don't miss it. It's funny and it's romantic and it's well-written and it's well-acted.

It's all about Caesar and Cleopatra and the Ziegfield Follies and the Reform League of Bowling Green, Connecticut, and Short Skirts and Chocolate Eclairs. Which is a sweet hash to come in one dish—but the authors of the picture have made a savory stew out of it.

There is a hard-boiled Jewish Caesar pickled to the gills who is funnier than nine cockeyed Ben Turpins rolled together.

And through it all runs a pretty and wholesome love story, sweet enough to bring a lump to the throat of the most case-hardened deacon-bootlegger in the country.

LA SAGESSE FRANCAISE

Paul Bourget, the great French novelist, visited America about fifteen years ago.

A society frump from Fifth Avenue asked him:

"Why do you always write about women who sin? Why do you not write about good women?"

Bourget replied:

"What is there to write?"

The latest fashionable disease: Enlargement of the hip.

FELLOWMAN FILOSOFY

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths,
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad;
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highways of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both are parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are
strong,
Wise, foolish,—so am I.
Then, why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—Sam W. Foss.

OH! LADY, LADY!



I want the lights that brightly shine,
I want the man, I want the wine,
I want the fun without the price,
I want to be naughty and still to be nice;
I want the thrill of the long-drawn kiss,
I want the things that the Good Girls miss.
I want the arms and heart of a man
And still stay single—if I can;
Now what I want is a little advice—
I want to be naughty and still to be nice.

"Father's nose is growing redder since the country
voted dry."

WHY SHERMAN CALLED WAR HELL

A War Story to be read to the tune of the Star Spangled
Banner

By Callimachus Balzoff, the Hot Dog Genius



The Great General sat alone in his tent.

His historic dogs were weary from the March Through Georgia. He was exhausted from hugging the Georgia Peaches and imbibing Georgia Peach Jack.

He was taking it easy after having won Liberty for the Crap Shooters.

He was lit by a smouldering fire in the grate. He was well lit. But he had nothing further with which to light himself but the grate fire, as the General had lost all his baggage at the Battle of Bull Run. Everything else ran away, and so did the contents of the General's baggage.

As we believe we said before, the Gen. was taking it easy. A copy of the Ladies' Home Journal was in his hand with the thumb glued to a corset advertisement.

He was reading to himself aloud the concluding pages of the heart-rending story entitled "He Loved Her in Hoop Skirts."

List:

"At last he folded her in his arms and her heart beat with a fiery passion as he kissed her lips.

"He drew her closer and asked her the Age Old Question.

"But her reply was surprising.

"She tore herself from his arms and cried:

"'Nay, you Poor Prune, Nay. Five Dollars isn't enough. It would never pay the minister, and we must be married by a real minister, a simon-pure Bluebeak parson who belongs to the Lord's Day Alliance, and these Bimbos are high priced.'

"Thus was Nellie's romance forever blighted."

The General laid down the magazine and began to yawn. He bemoaned his fate that the war would soon be over and the first number of Hot Dog had not yet been published.

Suddenly appeared his trusted sentry, Private Dripp.

"Advance and give the countersign," roared the General.

"Two dollars a gallon," replied the sentry (remember, this was in 1864).

Three dusty officers bust into the General's tent.

"Sherm, Old Kid," they cried in unison, "we beg to report that a man is about to be shot for bringing Liquor into camp!"

"Ye Gawds," gasped the Great Man, slipping a little Tonsil Varnish into the ice water to steady himself, "this is awful. We must get there before it is too late. He might drink it all himself."

With a speed that would have made Barney Oldfield look like Henry Ford hurrying to a Jewish convention, the stalwart soldiers sped over hill and dale until at last they were at the poor lad's side. To be exact, they were standing on his stomach. But what they were interested in was the Little Brown Jug that lay at his feet.

The General got there first.

"Sweet Thing," he crooned, as he raised it to his lips, "here's to Crime."

But Justice is unjust even to heroes. Just as Sherman was about to take the Grand Gulp, a shell crashed by immediately overhead.

The General picked himself up holding the neck of a broken demijohn.



It was then that General Sherman made history.

"Boys," he said, wiping his eyes sadly, "War is Hell!"

THEY CALL IT DANCING

(A Hot Dog Song)

Long years ago when I was but a tiny little thing,
A man would never squeeze a girl till she had got the
ring;

They had to be engaged before the boy would take a
chance,

But all he has to do today is ask her for a dance.

(Chorus)

They call it dancing,
All cuddled up tight;
They call it dancing,
To make it look right.
Till the cabaret closes,
They keep rubbing noses.
And they call it dancing today.

She calls him Mister Doodlebeck, they're just friends, it
appears,

But when the music starts you'd think they're married
twenty years;

A man can squeeze a thousand Shes from head to funny-
bone,

So long as he keeps time with the cornet and saxaphone.

(Chorus)

They call it dancing,
All cuddled up tight;
They call it dancing,
To make it look right.
It's wrong in the hallroom,
But right in the ballroom,
And they call it dancing today.

SPORT REVIEW

By Jazbo De Vinney



Well, boys, the tons of bull have been shot north from below the Mason & Dixon line and the pennant and dollar chasers are all set for their annual toeing of the mark.

They'll be off in the middle of April. Funny that so long as these big league sharpshooters must start in April that they don't start April 1. 'Tis appropriate. They act like they never heard of the wind-up of that old wheeze by Abe Lincoln which ends with, "But you can't fool all the people all the time."

So April twelfth you'll all line up and fork over so that you can see the big bambinos and the little near-bam-

Home Sweet Home Brew.

binos cut loose, and from then until next fall the typewriter hounds will fill you with the old con about horsehide and willow, spitters and non-spitters, rookies, cheating umpires, etc.

Fourteen clubs admit they expect to win the pennant. The two from Philadelphia are the only ones without such claims. People in Philadelphia are getting smarter every year, and they have laid off winning pennants in the spring or any other time.

But in some of the other towns the boys still fall for the old stuff and make true the story about there being more suckers in New York than anywhere else. They found so many fish in New York last season that they had the world series there. And it paid so well that they will have it there again this fall. Watch and see.

Anyhow, the season is at hand. The weeding out has been done, and the poor dudes who got railroad fare and a lot of conversation have been shipped back to the farm with a quiet tip to clean the hayseed out of their hair. They've had their lesson in the majors. They know who put the con in conversation.

So they'll be off April twelfth. Already they are yelling "Stand in line, boys, and don't shove."

Step in and lay your dough down on the counter. You have to do it only 154 times.

And when you hear them slicing down the cost of roasting yourself to death in the far-distant bleachers, give me a ring.

"MONKEY SHINES IN KENTUCKY"

(An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore)

The backwoods of Kentucky is the cradle of some of the greatest institutions of Dark America, to wit: White Mule, Man-killing and Methodist camp-meetings.



And so, naturally enough, the most asinine reform law ever agitated in the country is going on there.

You've all heard about it, the Darwin Controversy.

A backwoods preacher, the Reverend Dr. J. W. Porter introduced a bill in the Kentucky Legislature to prohibit the teaching of the Biological Theory of Evolution in the schools and colleges in the state and disgraced Kentucky in the eyes of the nation.

The romantic Kentucky we all know, the Kentucky of beautiful women, fast horses and cocktail-drinking colonels all of us have admired.

But back in the mountainous fastnesses of the state lives the most barbarous crew of white savages in the world.

Two hundred years of potato-whiskey and the lowest kind of sectarianism have degraded these mokes to the cultural level of Ringling Baboons.

No sane person disputes Darwin's theory of Evolution. All modern science is based on it. If it were not for Darwin there would be no modern Surgery and no modern Anthropology and no modern Botany and no modern Medicine.

Darwin has nothing to do with monkeys, only saloon-loafers, and ignorant preachers confuse the two ideas.

True science has no conflict with true religion. The finest type of mind worships at the same time the Miracles of Nature and the Miracles of Christ.

It is the reverend Bluenoses of the backwoods and such Noble Intellectuals as the Hon. Willum Jennings Bryan who agitate the antagonism between Religion and Science.

THERE IS NO SUCH ANTAGONISM.

The most eminent figure in the scientific history of modern times was Louis Pasteur, the French bacteriologist.

It was Louis Pasteur who made possible pure milk for your baby and the antiseptic surgery that now saves thousands of lives.

Louis Pasteur died in the arms of the Church and attended Mass regularly.

However, I am neither a Scientist nor a Theologian.

I am writing this article to call your attention to the fact that the most ignorant piece of horseplay in recent American politics was sponsored by the Denominational Influences of Rural America. The same influences who are responsible for afflicting us with every Blue Law Measure in effect and proposed—from Prohibition to Anti-Kissing!

RUBE GOLDBERG'S DEFINITION OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

A scheme to prevent future wars and keep all the old ones going.

THE IDEAL WEDDING PRESENT:

A washbowl, a pitcher and a catcher.



This is the nether portion of Nellie Breen, whose shapely limbs flicker in Ed. Wynn's show "The Perfect Fool"

ODE TO A REGULAR GIRL

She was a rather Naughty Girl,
She wasn't much at prayers,
And oftentimes she went at night
To fairly gay affairs.

She liked to rouge and paint a bit
And called her hose "My Sox,"
Some thought her awful wicked
And headed for the Rocks.

She didn't mind the preacher much,
And, as for poor old Dad,
She used his "Gem" for other things
Than stated in the ad.

She was the gayest thing in town,
Which otherwise was drear,
Amid our tepid daily lives
She brought the wind of cheer.

And when she goes to Judgment,
Among the gates of pearl,
I wonder if they'll frown upon
This Careless Golden Girl.

The Sunshine of Virginia has been replaced by the
Moonshine of West Virginia.



GILDA GRAY
The World-famous Shimmy-dancer

(Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe)

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

First news from the matrimonial front.

Tony Zebatski, the Hot Dog artist, about whose wedding I told you last month, has just returned from his honeymoon in Havana.

He is still a little groggy from running wild among the whiskey fountains of the Republic of Cuba. Also there is a glassy stare in his optics, denoting lack of sleep.

But give him a good cigar and he will talk.

Like any one of you would, I tried to pry from Tony some of the secrets of the connubial chamber. But the Old Master was pretty clammy.

His principal complaint against his Tootsie Wootsie seems to be that she makes him go to church.

Oh, Bimbos, just imagine the Hot Dog artist singing in the choir. Hot Dog!

Tony was particularly tearful about last Sunday.

At the behest of his Sweet Patootie, Tony was pushed into the organ loft and announced to sing a hymn. Tony has a voice like the exhaust on a broken-down Ford.

The organist gave out the hymn. It was the well known, "I Love to Steal Away."

A fool and his money are soon married.

Tony began, "I love to steal——" Then he broke down.

He began again, "I love to steal——" He broke down again.

Three times in succession.

Then the parson arose and said, "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

THE GARBAGE MAN'S PIETY

At the risk of paining you in tender quarters with too many recitals of the wise cracks of little Cornelius Kraut, I herewith hand you another one about him.

Quoth Cornelius to his mother: "Say, Ma, you know that Garbage Man that snoops about the back yard and picks up the skins from the Schnitzel Herring and the empty beer bottles. Well, you know, Ma, I think' that Garbage Toter is a very pious Christian gentleman!"

This was the first time in all his seven years that Cornelius had ever spoken well of anyone, and his mother asked him, "Why so, Cornelius? Why do you have such a good opinion of the Garbage Man?"

"Well, yesterday he came to Mrs. Humperdinck's house next door. He picked up the garbage can and lifted it over his head. Whew! How it smelled. Just like Pa, when he wakes up in the morning after a drunk. Well, he was just about to dump the garbage into his wagon when the can slipped and the garbage went all over the poor man. And, you know, Ma, he just sat down on his bum in the gutter and told God all about it."

IMPROBABLE EPITAPHS

Here lies the body of Nicholas Wax,
Who loved to pay his income tax.



MELISSA TEN EYCK

Who dances in "Up in the Clouds" now playing in New York

"WEE WEE! WEE!"—WOW!

One of our travelling salesmen was on his way West on important business. In the opposite section of the Pullman, sat a sweet-faced tired-appearing woman with four small children. Being fond of children, and feeling sorry for the mother, the salesman soon made friends with the kiddies.

Early the next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient, "Yes, dear," of the mother, as she tried to dress them, and, looking out, he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite:

"This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; this little pig cried, Wee! wee! wee! all the way home.

The foot was suddenly withdrawn, and a cold quiet voice—that of the mother—said:

"That is quite sufficient, thank you."

**THIS IS THE KIND OF POETRY THEY WRITE
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE**

(By Alfred Bryan, from PAGAN LOVE LYRICS, 1921)

Teach me to sin—

In love's forbidden ways,

For you can make me all passion pure;

The magic lure of your sweet eyes

Each Shape of sin makes virtue praise.

Teach me to sin—

Enslave me to your wanton charms,

Crush me in your velvet arms

And make me, make me love you.

Make me fire your blood with new desire,

And make me kiss you—lip and limb,

Till senses reel and pulses swim.

Aye! even if you hate me,

Teach me to sin.

(Copyright, 1921, by Alfred Bryan)

ONE OF THE EVILS OF DRINK

My councilmanic friend Patsy McGillicudy hoisted his heft into my sanctum today and pronounced thuswise:

"Say, kid, what's the idea of giving Kraut all the publicity. You haven't said anything about me in four months "

"Well nothing seems to happen to you."

"I guess nothing would happen to me. I've been in the hospital for several months."

"How's that?"

"Well, you know, during the summer vacation of the City Council I got a job in a boiler factory. I stuck my nose through one of the holes in a boiler (my proboscis, as you know, Jack, having a somewhat crimson discoloration. Well, a fool workman hit me on the nose with a hammer. He mistook it for a hot rivet."

THIS GOOF WAS IN TOUGH LUCK

His horse went dead and his mule went lame,
And he lost his pants in a poker game:
Then a hurricane came on a summer day
And blew the house where he lived away,
And an earthquake came when that was gone
And swallowed the land where the house stood on,
Then the tax collector came around
And charged him up with a hole in the ground.

AN ACCIDENT ON PURPOSE

Insurance man putting questions to a cowboy:

"Ever had any accidents?"

"No."

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"Nope. A rattler bit me once though."

"Well, don't you call that an accident?"

"Hell No. He bit me on purpose."

**Definition of Wicked-
ness: What the Other
Fellow Enjoys.**

WHAT A GOOD KID I AM!



If, for the puny handful of three dollars, I offered you a whole Hogheadfull of Real Whiskey, what would you say?

If, for the same three smackers I offered you the Harem of the Sultan of Turkey, what would you say?

If I offered you, for the pile of bones, a washtubfull of Laughing Gas, what would you say?

Well, my Children, Hot Dog for a year is the equivalent of all these.

It costs three hunks o'—

Don't fail me.

GO FOR THAT COUPON RIGHT NOW!

—Jack Dinsmore.

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